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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS of the SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Dis-
ordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY of the BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that
your system is affected by any of them, you may rest
assured that these Remedies will cure you. The
most important organs of your body, and unless you
check by the use of powerful medicines, your whole
life, now terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles,
Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity
of the Stomach, Bloating, Heart-
burn, Disgust for Food, Fulness
or Weight in the Stomach,
Sour Eructations, Sick-
ing or Vomiting at the
Stomach, Swelling of
the Head, Dropsy, Drops
Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart,
Choking or Suffocating Sensations when
in a Lying Posture, Dizziness of Vision,
Dark or Yellow before the Sight,
Dull Pain in the Head, Le-
thargy of Faculties, Yellowness of the
Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side,
Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., and
Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in
the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of
Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive
Organs, and will be cured by the use of
Hoofland's German Bitters.

Hoofland's German Bitters
Is entirely vegetable, and contains no
poison. It is a compound of Fluid Ex-
tracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Berries
from which these extracts are made
are gathered in Germany. All the
medicinal virtues are extracted from
them by a scientific chemist. These
extracts are then forwarded to this
country to be used expressly for the
manufacture of these Bitters. There
is no alcoholic substance of any kind
used in compounding the Bitters,
hence it is the only Bitters that can
be used in cases where alcoholic stim-
ulants are not admissible.

Hoofland's German Tonic
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters,
with wine, Sugar, Orange, etc. It is used for
the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where
more pleasant food is required. It will bear in
mind that these Remedies are not different from
any other advertised for the cure of the diseases
named, these being the preparations of medicinal
extracts, while the others are made of raw
materials. The Tonic is decidedly one of the most
valuable and efficacious remedies ever offered to the
public. It cures the Liver, Stomach, and
all the diseases of the system, and restores the
weak, and restores the health of the
diseased.

CONSUMPTION.
Thousands of cases, when the
patient supposed he was afflicted with
this terrible disease, have been
cured by the use of these Remedies. Extreme
emaciation, debility, and cough are
the usual attendants upon severe
cases of dyspepsia or disease of the
digestive organs. In such cases, if
genuine Consumption, these Remedies
will be found of the greatest benefit,
strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German
Bitters and Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a
new vigor to the system, and strengthen the
system, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the
stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good,
sound, healthy complexion, and restore the
patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak
condition to a robust, healthy, and vigorous
state.

Weak and Delicate Children
are made strong by using the Bitters
or Tonic. In fact, they are Family
Medicines. They can be administered
with perfect safety to a child three
months old, the most delicate female,
or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from
bad blood.

Keep your blood pure; keep your liver in order;
keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy con-
dition, by the use of these Remedies, and no disease will
ever assail you.

THE COMPLEXION.
Ladies who wish a fair skin and
good complexion, and who are afflicted with
itching and all other disfigurement,
should use these Remedies occasionally.
The Liver is the perfect order, and
the blood pure, will result in sparkling
eyes and blooming cheeks.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic are counterfeited.
The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson,
on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle,
and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others
are counterfeit.

Thousands of letters have been re-
ceived, testifying to the virtue of these
Remedies.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.
FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16th, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" to be an in-
valuable remedy, but it is a good, safe, and useful
remedy in all cases of dyspepsia, and of great benefit
in cases of debility, and of all diseases of the
system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26th, 1868.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters"
a valuable medicine in case of
dyspepsia or indigestion. I can
certify, from my own experience,
that it cures, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently
requested to connect my name with recommendations of
different kinds of medicine, and in all cases de-
sired to be very careful, and to give only such
testimony as I could give with confidence. I have
used Hoofland's German Bitters, and I can say from my
own experience, that it is a safe and valuable preparation. In
some cases it may fail, but usually, I think, it will
be very beneficial to those who use it with
confidence.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for \$5.00.
Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Read that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies
that are so universally used and so highly recom-
mended, and do not allow the Druggists to induce you
to take any thing else that he may say is just as good,
because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies
will be sent by express to those who order upon application
to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 621 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by
Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medi-
cine Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to read the article you buy, in
order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

POOR TOM IS DEAD!

BY WM. F. FERRIS.

Oh, many a pleasant day and night
Poor Tom and I have spent together;
His heart so warm, and eyes so bright
Made summer-time of winter weather.
Full of his rugged hand clasped mine,
Like comrades true in friendship met,
While candor wrinkled his features fine—
But, now, alas, poor Tom is dead!

Poor Tom is dead! O sad, sad words!
And mournfully they greet the ear,
To find responses on the chords
Of hearts that loved him many a year.
We little thought that he would die,
So young, so good the life he led,
Till beauty's lustre left his eye,
And manhood's strength and vigor fled.

And as I gazed upon the face
Of him who oft I called my friend,
Now cold in death, by God's good grace,
I heard a sinner's prayer ascend:
"Lord! grant his soul a sweet repose,
I pray his sins may be forgiven,
That he may dwell for aye with those
Who wear the Christian's crown in Heaven!"

Sleert Story.

A MORNING WITH GAMBLERS.

BY REV. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D.

In the earlier years of my ministry, I
formed a special fellowship with a very in-
telligent and pious family. The father
and mother were of the vigorous Scotch-Ir-
ish stock; clear-headed and sound hearted
people. The children, inheriting strong
health of mind and body, and were all
quick-witted and lively. I loved them all
dearly, and came at last to make their fam-
ily destinies their joys and sorrows, my
own.

One of the sons, Edward, was a fine,
young fellow of eighteen, exuberant in both
life and strength, but full of sweetness
and good humor. Young as he was, he
showed great talent for business, and was
already a trusted clerk in a large mercan-
tile house, with a liberal salary for those
times.

I was called out of bed, one morning,
at about four o'clock, to see this young man.
He was in great distress, and could hardly
tell his story; but it came out at last, and
was bad enough when it came.

"I have been spending the night at differ-
ent faro tables, and have lost about three
hundred and fifty dollars."

"What money was it?"

"It belonged to my employer. I must go
to the office this morning and account for it.
What shall I do?"

I found on questioning him, that he had
been gambling for two or three months. He
had let on by learning to play cards of a fel-
low clerk; played at first, merely for the plea-
sure of it, but soon found that a small stake
was necessary to give interest to the game.
In short, he had gone the road which thou-
sands have trod before him. From innocent
card playing, to betting at whist, and from
the whist table to the faro-table. Of course,
I was very angry with the boy. But I was
sorry, too, as I looked into that fair young
face, agonized with fear and shame—sorry for
him, and still more sorry for the proud father
and fond mother, who must soon know of
their dishonor.

But I had to brush away these emotions
and answer the practical question.

"What shall I do?"

It was plain that the first thing to be
done was to get the money back, if possible.

I dressed rapidly, went to the house of a
legal friend, and woke him up. His advice
was soon given.

Don't try law with these people. Go to
them yourself, alone, and demand the money
on the ground that they won it from a min-
or.

I decided to try.

I confess that this decision made me nervous.
I had never handled a card, had never
been in a gambling house, nor spoken with a
professional gambler. Moreover, it was not yet
six o'clock in the morning. I went home,
swallowed a cup of coffee, and set out on my
strange errand.

Edward had lost seventy dollars at Frank-
lin's gambling house; one hundred and fifty
at Hodgson's and one hundred and thirty
at Dufour and Clark's. He gave me each ad-
dress, street and number; my task was to go
to these men, talk with them face to face,
and get the money—if I could.

Franklin was my first man. It was seven
A. M. when I knocked at his door—there
was no bell to pull. A maid admitted me,
after some parley, and led the way into a
back room, where I found Franklin shaving
before a little glass hung at the window. His
appearance was not prepossessing, a bullet
head covered with a heavy shock of iron-gray
hair, and set strongly on a pair of brawny
shoulders; a bull dog expression of face; the
whole figure indicating animal force, brutality
and obstinacy.

His gruff "What do you want at this hour
of the morning?" did not tend to reassure
me. The upshot of my conference with him
was a blunt refusal.

"The fellow took his risk and must stand
by it."

With this I left him.

Hodgson was my next man. His "place
of business" was shut, but a negro who was
hanging about told me where he lived, in a
distant part of the city. A carriage soon
set me down in front of a grocery store, with
the sign "W. B. Hodgson, family Grocer-
ies."

A decent, even handsome woman, with
good honest face presided at the desk—
the place was in perfect order, with all the
air of a prosperous trade. She told me that
Mr. Hodgson had gone down town on busi-
ness.

"I must see him this morning, Madam,
on private business."

The word "private" arrested her; an expres-
sion of fear and trouble gathered rapidly
over her honest face. It was clear that she
was no partner in the gambling trade, except
to share its shame. I told my errand plain-
ly.

"You will find my husband at 'his
place' by this time, and he will give you the
money."

I found Hodgson a man of five-and-thirty,
or thereabouts, with the look of a well-to-do
tradesman, and an open, frank expression.
My story was hardly begun when he asked—

"Do you recognize me?"

"No," said he, "you paid me my wages
many a day, when I worked in the
Methodist Book Concern, and you were then
cashier."

"He told me the steps of his fall, hoped
"some day to give up this part of his busi-
ness," and here the lecture I gave him with
the best possible feeling.

"As for poor Edward," said he, "I have
often warned the boy not to come into this
or any other such place. Here is the
money," handing me out one hundred and fifty
dollars.

I told him of my failure with Franklin.

"Go first to Dufour & Clark's—you will
get your money there; they have no prin-
ciple, but they are both ardent towards them
tell Franklin that both Hodgson and Dufour
have paid up, and say from me that HE HAD
BETTER."

There was an emphasis on the HAD BETTER
which was full of meaning.

In five minutes I had reached Dufour's.
He was not at home, but I would find him at
22 Jones street.

"Whose place is that?"

"It's a house where many of the gam-
bling fraternity gather of a morning."

To Jones street, therefore, I went and
found No. 23, a smart, three-story, brick
house. The front entry was open, but the
way was soon stopped by a green
baize door. At my rap, it was opened a
little.

"Is Mr. Dufour here?"

"Yes; upstairs."

I could see that the ground-floor room was
nearly full of men; the second story contain-
ed a similar lot; and I confess to a little
tremor when I was told to go a story higher.
Here, again, the baize door, stopped the
way; but the door-keeper called Dufour out.

"Well, what do you want with me?" he
asked.

"Come down stairs; I will tell you my busi-
ness below."

A little to my surprise, he put on his hat
and came quietly down to the front door.
Here he stopped, and demanded my errand.

"A walk up with me," said I.

"Not a step until you tell me what you
want!"

"He was a young man, apparently about
twenty-five, of good person and manners. I
put my arm within his and said:

"Now, if you will walk quietly with me,
like a gentleman, towards your place, I will
tell my errand as we go; if not, I will call
the police."

My grip on his arm was pretty firm.—
He looked at me for a moment, and sub-
mitted.

At first he scouted my demand for a return
of Edward's money, but by-and-by he soft-
ened and told me his own history. It was the
old story of temptation and weakness, with
the old excuse and palliations. He gave me
a half promise to reform, but would not fix
a time to begin. We reached the door of his
den in the second story of a very good
house. Without rapping he walked in;
and I followed. A stout, ruddy man, of
thirty or so, sat at a table writing or eating
up accounts.

"Well, Clark," said Dufour, "we must
shell out freely for last night's work."

Clark looked up from his desk, and
saw me behind Dufour, and in a sudden ac-
cess of cowardly fright, ran out of the door
and hurried down the stairs. In a mo-
ment more, I saw him scaling the fence of
the back yard. Dufour burst into a hearty
laugh.

"He's off! He took you for a judge or a
policeman, to say the least. But that won't
stop our settlement."

He drew out a drawer of the desk, and
counted the money in gold, and handed it
over.

"Tell your young friend never to enter this
place or any other of the sort again."

"And let me tell you," I replied, "that the
place is just as bad and will be just as fatal
for you as for him."

The poor fellow seemed softened and sad-
dened as he bade me good bye.

It only remained to see Franklin again. I
told him that the other two had disgorged
"What is that to me? You will get nothing
here."

"Mr. Franklin," said I, "Hodgson says
that you had better pay up."

He looked at me for a moment, opened
his pocket book, and counted out seventy
dollars.

In an hour's time in the morning the money
was in Edward's hands, and he was spared
the shame of acknowledging himself a defaul-
ter. But I made it a condition that the facts
should be made known to his parents, and to
his employer, with strong promises for the
future. One would think such a lesson as
this might have saved him. Alas! the poison
was in his veins; in a few months he was
a bankrupt in purse and character, and he has
never risen again.

MARRIED WITHOUT GLOVES.—Not long
since a young lady appeared at the parson-
age of an eminent clergyman of a certain
city for the purpose of having their desti-
nities united in the holy bonds of matrimony.
Everything being ready, the clergyman afore-
said was about to proceed with the cere-
mony, when the lady discovered that she was
minus her kid gloves, so necessary on such
occasions; whereupon she requested her at-
tendant to hasten to a store and procure the in-
dispensable lack, telling him to "be in a hur-
ry" as she might change her mind. The
clergyman, witnesses, and intended bride
waited some time for the return of the of the
youth with the gloves; he didn't come.

They waited longer, and he still he failed
to put an appearance. The matter at last
becoming really serious and alarming, the cler-
gyman took his hat and proceeded post haste
in search of the truant lover, whom he found
after a diligent search and many inquiries
quietly seated on the veranda of a well-
known hotel, with his feet elevated on the
back of a chair, and very deliberately puff-
ing a cigar. On being asked to explain his
singular conduct, he carelessly remarked that
he "was waiting to see if she was going to
change her mind." They were married, how-
ever, at last, after two hours' delay.

The Des Moines Register says the grass-
hoppers recently ate up half an acre of to-
bacco for a man near that place, and when
the owner went out to look at it they sat
on the fence and squirted tobacco juice at him.

Our National Disgrace.

The fact that barely twelve weeks of An-
drew Johnson's Presidency remain to be en-
dured should console us under many afflic-
tions and reconcile us to many hardships.—
Plead as we fairly may that the great party
which he has betrayed never meant to make
him President, while the party he has
treacherously served and fawned upon de-
spised him too heartily to think of accept-
ing him as a candidate, the Republic has
been shamed as well as scourged by him from
the hour wherein he reeled into the Vice-
Presidency, and will be till the place that
knows him shall no him no more. We have
had bad men in the high office before; yet
we are confident that no man but Andrew
Johnson was ever chosen Vice President
of the United States who could have pro-
voked the scorn of Christendom by such
an exhibition of native depravity as is made
in the following portion of Johnson's last
Message:

"Our national credit should be sacredly
observed; but in making provision for our
creditors we should not forget what is due to
the masses of the people. It may be assumed
that the holders of our securities have al-
ready received upon their bonds a larger
amount than their original investment, mea-
sured by a gold standard. Upon this
statement of facts it would seem but just
and equitable that the six per cent. interest
now paid by the Government should be ap-
plied to the reduction of the principal, in
semi-annual installments, which, in sixteen
years and eight months would liquidate the
entire national debt. Six per cent. in gold
at present rates, be equal to nine per
cent. in currency, and equal to the payment
of the debt one and a half times in a frac-
tion less than seventeen years. This, in
connection with the other advantages deriv-
ed from their investment, would afford to the
public creditors a fair and liberal compensa-
tion for the use of their capital, and with
this they should be satisfied. The lessons
of the past admonish the lender that it is
not well to be over-anxious in exacting from
the borrower rigid compliance with the let-
ter of the bond."

COMMENTS BY THE TRIBUNE.

Mr. Johnson has probably borrowed money
in his day, and may have done so when his
debts were so heavy and his prospects so
dark, that his note was not worth half its
face. Let us suppose him drawn into a diffi-
cult law suit; which involved all he was
worth. He applies to a thrifty neighbor
for \$5,000, being in absolute want of that
sum to prosecute his suit, to judgment.—
The prudent capitalist inquires as to the se-
curity, and is pointed to the estate in litigation.
"Yes, but if you lose the suit, you
will have no estate." "Well," he responds,
"if I lose the suit, you must lose the debt;
but if I win it, I will pay you double."

"Agreed," says the capitalist; "I will take
the risk." So he borrows the \$5,000, and
with it wins the suit. How much does he
owe? How much ought he to pay? Your
anvil decides whether you are honest or a
villain.

So far, we have admitted the truth of
Johnson's fundamental assumption; but that
assumption is false. What the nation owes
its creditors is precisely what it agreed to pay
them—no less, no more. But the great mass
of them paid for their bonds the full sum
specified on their face—often more. True,
they paid in greenbacks; but those green-
backs had cost them their full amount in
gold. It was the debtor, not the creditor
interest that profited by the depreciation of
our currency. Hundreds of thousands paid
off in greenbacks their mortgage and other
debts which were contracted when the cur-
rency was at par with Gold—paid them off
with money obtained by the sale of their
products or their labor at prices greatly en-
hanced by our currency depreciation.—
Every one can call to mind instances where
farmers and others, who had for years been
struggling to meet the interest on the mort-
gage given when they bought their lands
were unable to wipe out that mortgage
by the proceeds of two or three crops
sold during the latter years of the War.—
Creditors complained (not unjustly) that they
were thus paid off too easily, and were an-
swered "Lend your money to the Government
'and you will be paid your bonds in gold; so
'what are you grumbling at?" They did
lend it—not by millions only, but by Hun-
dreds of millions—and thereby was the
Union saved. And now a President of
the United States tells the public creditors,
that, if they are paid seventeen years'
interest, they may think themselves lucky,
though they never see a cent of the prin-
cipal!

The man who makes this suggestion is a
villain—a brazen, reckless, shameless villain.
He has sheepish confederates who share his
knavery but lack his effrontery. The people
have set their heel hard down on the whole
tribe in indorsing the Republican Platform
of 1868 through the election of Grant and
Colfax. Reputation will gain nothing
by Johnson's endorsement—it will rather
receive a darker smirch from his well-earned
infamy. How naturally a traitor to those
who trusted and honored him lends him-
self to every form of baseness was al-
ready known; but the truth has received
a fresh illustration in Johnson's crowning
infamy.

It is exceedingly desirable that we should
begin forthwith to fund our past-due Five-
Twenties at a lower rate than six per cent.;
but Johnson and his fellow repudiators seem
resolved that we shall never be able to do so.
This message will compel our People to pay

many millions in six per cent. interest which
they could have saved had our President been
content with the pyramid of disgrace he had
already so laboriously erected. Only
twelve weeks more and the country will be
rid of him forever. It is hard; but we can
endure him twelve weeks longer. Thank
Heaven that he has power only to disgrace
us.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES.
—Boots and shoes are expensive items
nowadays, therefore a word or two of
advice in regard to their preservation
will not be amiss. In the first place, do
not expose your shoes or boots to extreme
heat. It destroys the vitality of the
leather, and renders it liable to crack and
break. This is especially the case with
those made of patent leather. Wearing
gum over shoes is decidedly detrimental
to leather. The heat and dampness
caused by them destroy the life of the
leather shoes over which they are worn.
Never use blacking or polish that contains
varnish. Many persons ruin their shoes
by using cheap blacking, of which vitrol
forms the principal ingredient. Vitrol
blackening destroys the oil in the leather if
used for any length of time. To obviate
this difficulty, shoes that are regularly
polished should be washed once a month
with warm water, and when half dry
a coat of oil and tallow applied. They
should then be set aside for a day or two
to dry. Thus treating the upper leather
will rarely crack or break.

A CURIOUS STORY.—A Russian writer in
the Paris Revue Moderne tells some curi-
ous stories of Russian and Siberian life.—
This is one, whose beginning was in the
reign of Emperor Paul, and whose end
under the present emperor. The Emperor
Paul's favorite was at one time a young
French actress, of whom he was madly jeal-
ous. One evening, at a ball, he noticed that
a young man named Labanoff was paying her
a great deal of attention. He did not lose
his temper, but, at the end of the ball, gave
orders that Labanoff should be arrested and
thrown into the citadel. He only intended
to keep him there a few days "to make him
more serious," after which he proposed to
reprimand him and to appoint him to an of-
fice which had been solicited for him. Lab-
anoff, however, was forgotten, and remained
in prison. "At the death of Nicholas, Alex-
ander II., then full of magnanimity, libera-
ted all the prisoners in the citadel, without
exception. In a vaulted tomb, in which it
was impossible to stand upright, and which
was not more than two yards long, an old
man was found, almost bent double, and in-
capable of answering when he was spoken to.
This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had
been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I.,
and afterward by the Emperor Nicholas; he
had been in the dungeon more than fifty years.
When he was taken out he could not bear the
light, and by a strange phenomenon, his
movements were automatic. He could hardly
hold himself up, and had become so accus-
tomed to move about within the limits of
his narrow cell that he could not take more
than two steps forward without turning
round, as though he had struck against a
wall, and taking two steps backward, and
so on alternately. He lived for only a week
after his liberation."

The Lazy Man.

Griswold, "The Fat Contributor," in a re-
cent contribution in the Cincinnati Dollar
Times, speaks as follows in behalf of a lazy
man, not by way of encouraging him in
laziness, or in the remotest degree to influ-
ence others to adopt his ways but as demon-
strating that some good may be mingled in
the composition of good-for-nothing. It is a
subject on which "Girls" can speak intelli-
gently, and his opinions are therefore entit-
led to consideration:

The lazy man is nearly always good-nat-
ured. He never flies into a passion. He
might crawl into one, if it were possible,
but the idea of flying into anything is pre-
posterous.

Who ever heard of a lazy man breaking
into a bank, where a crowbar had to be used,
or drilling into a safe? Nobody. Not that
he might not covet his neighbor's goods
therein contained, but his horror of handling
crowbars and drill would always deter him
from actually committing burglary. He
never runs away with his neighbor's wife,
simply on account of the horror he has of
running. If he is ever known to run, it is
—to seed.

He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it
took much exertion, but he can lie about a
bar-room.

He is inestimable service to a billiard
saloon, keeping the chairs warm, and watch-
ing the game, for few would care to play
were there no spectators. The fact that
he does this without pay, day in and day
out, shows the usefulness of his nature.

What an industrious man, who considers his
time worth something, would want pay for,
the lazy man generally does for nothing,
showing a freedom from mercenary motives
that should go far to his credit.

The lazy man gets up revolutions, insur-
rections, or other public excitement, and
don't make a nuisance of himself by tramp-
ing around the country and making inco-
herent speeches to promote the public dis-
content.

In his own neighborhood he is never a
busy body in other people's affairs, for the
very idea of being a busy body at anything,
would drive him out of his head. By the
way, if he ever got out of his head, you
would have to drive him out, for he would
have the energy to go out of his own accord.

No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went
crazy, it was because he couldn't go any
where else without walking.

The militia force of the Dominion on the
first of October amounted to 39,160. The
Ontario force is made up of 13 troops of
cavalry, 39 batteries of artillery, one naval
company and 314 infantry and rifle com-
panies, amounting in all to 10,240